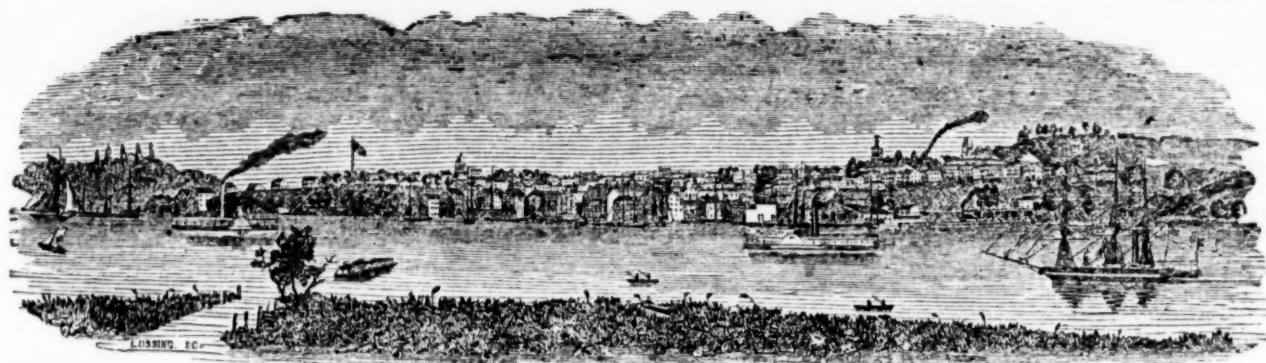


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.

NUMBER 1.

CENTRAL PART OF TAUNTON, MASS.



THE above is an eastern view of Taunton Green, with some of the surrounding buildings. The Court-House is seen on the left, and one of the Congregational churches on the right.

It is believed that the first Englishman who first traversed the soil of this ancient town, (called by the Indians *Cohannet*;) were Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, in their visit to Massasoit, in July, 1621. They found it depopulated and desolate; the ravages of the great plague were every where discernable. At *Tetiquet* and *Namasket* there were Indian villages. The territory of Taunton proper (which formerly included within its limits the towns of Berkley and Raynham,) was claimed by the sachem of *Tetiquet*. In this territory there were no Indian settlements except in a small part of Raynham. It appears, however, that the country bordering on the river had been thickly populated, and the land cleared on both sides for a considerable distance. When first visited many of the remains of the natives were discovered unburied. At the

head of the list of purchasers of Taunton, stands the name of Henry Uxley; who he was, does not appear. His house and lot was sold to Richard Williams, who may in some measure be considered as the father of Taunton, as he was in the place before the purchase of Miss Pool. Mr. Williams, was a Welshman, and it is not improbable that he was a relation of Roger Williams. A tradition has always existed amongst his descendants that he was related by blood to Oliver Cromwell, the original name of whose family was Williams, (which name was changed for an estate,) and out of Cromwell's ancestors bore the name of Richard Williams.

The inland situation of Taunton prevented for some time much accession to the number of settlers. The first settlers, with few exceptions, were from Somersetshire and Devonshire, and many of them from Taunton, in England. The first purchase was made in 1637, and confirmed afterwards; this was called the *Tetiquet* purchase, this being the Indian name for the great river of Taunton. About

the period of its settlement, Miss Elizabeth Pool, a lady of family and fortune, from Taunton, in Somersetshire, England, conceived the bold design of occupying the territory of *Cohannet*. It appears that an ardent desire of planting another church in the American wilderness, induced this pious puritan lady to encounter all the dangers and hardships of forming a settlement in the midst of the Indians. She died in 1654, and her kinsman placed over her grave a stone with an inscription which commemorates her virtues.

Rev. William Hooke, who must be considered the first pastor of the Taunton church, was born about the year 1600. He married the sister of Edward Whalley, a major general in the Parliament's army, one of the *regicides*, so called, from being one of the judges who condemned Charles I. to death. Mr. Hooke left Taunton about 1640 and removed to New Haven, Conn. from whence in 1650 he returned to England. He was received in the family of Oliver Cromwell, as chaplain.

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE MUTE DOCTOR,
OR THE
MAN WITH MANY NAMES.A TALE OF PASSION—BY M. L. S.
CHAPTER I.

The Quack and the Italian.

For many months a small and somewhat obscure office in the western part of Boston had remained unoccupied. Early one cloudless winter's morn in 1832, its doors and window-shutters were thrown open and a little bustle in and about it, showed that it was again to be no longer vacant. It was opened by two men; one of them evidently a stranger, surveying the premises with an air of profound satisfaction. He wrote a few words upon a slip of paper and received a key in return, and both left the office, though by different routes.

One of the men immediately returned and was accompanied by a few articles of furniture and a carpenter carrying some shelves, which were nailed up in proper order, and upon them were soon arranged boxes and vials of various descriptions. Some printed bills were now pasted to the walls in conspicuous places, a stove, which had evidently been left by the last occupant of the room, was set up, a fire kindled in it, and a table and three chairs set in the centre of the room.

The office, being pretty large, was divided into two apartments by a heavy green curtain suspended from the ceiling to the floor, thus leaving ample space for a lodging room.

In this recess was placed a bed and such other articles as rendered it a comfortable dressing and sleeping room for a gentleman.

Over the door was then suspended a modest sign bearing the following inscription:

"AMMI BOYD, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & APOTHECARY.

ADVICE GRATIS."

These arrangements being completed, the new occupant of the shop drew a chair near the stove and sat upon it. He was tall, rather elegantly formed and about thirty years of age. His countenance, when mingling with strangers, wore a bland and courteous expression, but when alone, as at present, this gave place to one cold, sinister and intriguing, but far more natural.

Throwing a hasty and yet satisfied glance around his shop, he muttered to himself, at the same time examining the slender contents of a well-worn purse, "This will answer the purpose finely if it works and I guess it will." He then withdrew to the inner room and exchanged his present clothes of dusty gray for a fastidiously nice and fashionable suit of black cloth, with a satin vest, and highly polished boots. He also wore an exquisitely finished gold chain, and in his vest pocket carried a small porcelain slate to which was attached a gold pencil, the evidence of his being deaf and dumb.

Having surveyed himself with an air of entire satisfaction, he threw gracefully over his person a circular cloak of the latest fashion, the richest material and deeply faced with velvet. Then carefully brushing a silky hat, he placed it upon his head, and after extinguishing the lamp and closing the door and shutters, he hastily left the shop.

In a few streets from the one in which the office

was situated, some eight or ten persons were gathered around a neat and exquisitely furnished tea-table. Every thing indicated wealth, good-breeding and a high degree of sincere and social politeness. Two places were still unoccupied, and Mrs. Ellerton, the hostess, was evidently awaiting the arrival of some persons to appropriate them, and meanwhile chatted with her boarders in a light, merry voice, and with a sweet, careless smile which spoke of an unruffled journey thus far through life.

She possessed that peculiarly happy temperament which casts a light—the reflection of its own joyousness—on all within its sphere, and those who had once found a home in her hospitable mansion seldom wished to change it for any other. They received but few boarders, never, exceeded twelve, mostly gentlemen with their wives; there were however, some exceptions.

By the side of Mrs. Ellerton and exactly opposite one of the vacant seats, sat a young friend of hers. Scarcely seventeen summers had graced her brow, and their departure and return had brought to her heart no sorrow save the parting from her dearly loved parents, who had left her some twelve months previous upon a three year's tour through Europe and Asia, and in this separation even she suffered little, because, beside her, ever beamed the bright, soul-inspiring smiles of Mrs. Ellerton.

She was a timid, sensitive creature, hardly daring even with the encouragement of gentle words and among faithful friends, to utter the thoughts which lay uppermost in her bosom, but there existed in her soul a capability of strong and fervent love, and a never-failing fountain of sympathy. All loved the shrinking and trusting Maleen, and polluted indeed must have been the heart that could have deceived her even in trifles. She was utterly ignorant of the world, save the sphere of love and confidence in which she had always mixed, and dreamed not that there could be an outward profession with no inner corresponding principle.

Mrs. Ellerton had just placed the tips of her rosy fingers on the delicate shoulder of Maleen, and whispered that in her ear which sent bright roses to her cheeks when Mr. Ellerton threw open the parlor door and allowed to pass in before him a graceful and elegantly dressed stranger.

"We have kept you waiting, my love," said Mr. Ellerton, in an apologizing tone to his lady, and offering the stranger one of the vacant chairs, seated himself in the other. Mr. E. was the very counterpart of his wife. Always merry, light-hearted and successful, he had never experienced a trouble in life, save when his beautiful bride had roguishly referred him to her father, instead of giving him the affirmative which was to seal his destiny, and had thereby caused him a suspense of some hours.

He looked around on his smiling family—for smiles as well as clouds are contagious—and assured them that he should be delighted to introduce to their acquaintance the distinguished stranger who sat by his side, and who, by his own account was a practical and skillful Physician, but as he could neither speak nor hear, it was then quite impossible; after tea he would endeavor to do so.

The stranger's face was clothed in the sweetest smiles, and as Maleen once raised her eyes to his, she was struck with their mild and benevolent expression, mingled with just that quantity of subdued sadness which showed that he did mourn, though

he strove not to do so, the sad affliction to which he was doomed. "How sad it must be," thought she, "never to listen to the sweet silvery voices of our friends, never to communicate in words, our love for them! Oh! that I could comfort him. Does he remain long with us?" whispered she to Mrs. Ellerton.

"For the present," she replied, "and I trust we shall make him happy."

Upon the removal of the tea things, cards, games, books and work were brought forward for the evening's entertainment and Dr. Boyd, as the stranger styled himself, was kindly invited by signs to remain and participate in their amusements. He consented to do so, and soon won all hearts by unrestrained cordiality of his manner, and by the short, social inquiries and sentences he wrote upon the slate in a fair, beautiful, but manly hand. Each one was eager to make the first evening pass pleasantly to him, and in so doing, gathered the wealth of happiness to his own heart.

One uncongenial spirit had crept into this fairy circle. In a distant part of the room, upon a low ottoman and nearly buried in folds of a heavy window curtain, sat a lady of some twenty-three or four years of age. A shaded lamp stood near and in her hand was an open book, from which she was apparently reading.—Whether she was suffering from her full sympathy with the scenes and incidents of the story or from some hidden cause does not appear, but frequent tears bedewed her pale face, and a cold moisture sat upon her brow, as she turned the leaves with a restless and impatient movement. It might have been her haste to reach a climax in the story, or it might have been from some other cause, that these effects were produced—we are not enlightened upon this mysterious point. At last the book slid slowly to the carpet; closing her eyes and folding her hands, she leaned back against the wall, and in so doing caused the curtain to fall more closely about her and she was thus secured from observation.

This lady was uncommonly beautiful; and yet, one would soon forget the perfect regularity of her features, the soft pearly complexion, the rich glossy ringlets that reposed on either cheek, and gaze spell-bound into her large liquid eyes, till he became for a moment bewildered at the depth of feeling and passion there revealed. She made no attempt to join in the mirth which filled the room with fresh unbidden music, but absorbed in her own thoughts quietly reposed among the folds of the window curtain till her husband, upon the breaking up of the gay party, said "come Bella, it is nearly twelve, shall we not retire?"

"As you will," she replied indifferently, rising and unconsciously displaying a tall, finely rounded and exquisitely developed figure.

Her husband, either careless of her manner to him or from having become habituated to it, took no notice of her coldness, but raising the book which had fallen at her feet, said smilingly, "Doubtless you have been wandering in some enchanting world of your own this evening; I am now happy to congratulate you upon your arrival in this more humble planet, in which our little Ini has been sometime awake and expecting your usual nightly visit to her."

At this allusion to her child, a slight degree of animation appeared upon the marble-like features of Mrs. Gastone and she replied hastily:

"Certainly, I will go to her."

Passing through several long entries both before and after ascending a flight of stairs, the lady at last cautiously opened the door of a small bed-room in which as well as in the entries, there was a delightful summer heat. Two children's cribs stood in the apartment, in which were reposing a boy and girl.

"My sweet little Ini," said Mrs. Gastone going to the first and folding in her arms with all the warmth of devoted maternal tenderness, a lovely child of three years. The little girl seemed accustomed to these nocturnal carresses and put her arms around her mother's neck, laying her little fat cheek to her face coaxingly and with sweet infantile grace. She held the child to her bosom till a quiet slumber stole over her; then laying her in the crib beneath the snow white spread, she pressed her lips to the forehead of her sleeping boy and passed to an inner and still smaller room. Here everything was comfortable and convenient. A middle aged woman sat by the table still sewing industriously.

"You are late to-night, Catherine," said Mrs. Gastone to her.

"Yes ma'am," replied the woman without raising her eyes from her work, "I have an opportunity to send this dress to my daughter to-morrow, and it is therefore necessary that I finish it to-night."

"Your daughter!" said Mrs. G. in a tone of surprise, "pray where does she live?"

"At a considerable distance from the city, in the village of L——," replied Catherine, the unbidden tears starting to her eyes.

"I should like you to tell me your story some time, but for the present send her this with the dress," and the lady drew a bill from her purse and laid it upon the table. Tears of gratitude fast flowing down her cheeks, almost choked the expressions of thankfulness she wished to utter.

"See well to the children, for, it is intensely cold," said Mrs. Gastone, as she re-entered their room, and opening a door to her dressing closet, passed thence to their sleeping apartment. Her husband was engaged with a newspaper but throwing it aside on her entrance, inquired how she liked the stranger.

"He is very handsome and very unfortunate," she replied in a less indifferent tone than that in which she had before addressed him.

"Yes," continued the gentleman in a merry voice, "he will get the sympathies of all you ladies without doubt. It is said he is a bachelor and rich, there is no one to be conquered by his many attractions excepting our little Malcen and she is too timid for a speechless husband."

The lady at this moment carelessly bent over her dressing table, but whether to recover some lost article or to conceal the rich and unusual glow which illuminated her cheek, was best known to herself.—The husband did not heed it, but indulging in a little more innocent humor at the expense of the handsome mute physician, he retired to rest.

Mrs. Gastone returned to her dressing room, and having locked the door and closely drawn the curtains, she drew from her bosom a small and delicately sealed note. Pressing it many times to her lips, she at length broke the rose-colored seal and perused the following words:

"What bliss to bask again in the glory of your presence. Be natural, serene, cautious and patient and we shall soon accomplish our object. By some means, grant me soon an interview. Despair not, my beautiful angel."

Taking a key from a delicate hair chain which she always wore about her neck, she opened a beautiful pearl casket and depositing the note with a number of others of the same size and appearance carefully re-locked it, threw the chain over her head, stood a moment before the mirror and then retired.

"He is here and yet I am not wholly happy," sighed she, as her beautiful face pressed the downy pillow.

Bella R. was the only child of Count R. and his charming bride, who during one of the many political changes in Italy—their native country—were forced to flee to America and never left the land of their adoption. It was during the first year of their sojourn here that Bella was born, and she early evinced the warm passionate temperament of her own land.

She was an idolized and consequently a spoiled child. From infancy, intellect, feeling and passion had reigned by turns, with no firmness to ballance them, no strong in-dwelling principles to preserve her from error.

Whatever suited her present desire was right, and to reason with her was like attempting to combat the prejudices of insanity. She loved and hated with equal intensity. There could never be a fault in the being on whom her affections were placed, nor a virtue in one whom she detested.

At twelve years of age she was left by the decease of both parents, to the care of Mr. Dumont, a wealthy gentleman who had passed many years in Italy, and who was also an intimate friend of Mr. Gastone.

In a fit of extravagant and passionate love she had married the latter gentleman, and of course greatly astonished her husband by appearing to him a few days after, perfectly cold and unapproachable.

Scarcely five years had passed since their marriage, and so much had these fits of coldness and neglect increased that she now seldom sacrificed her own selfish feelings in the least to gratify him, but lived within and regarded herself as a being of superior mould, from whom the ordinary courtesies of life were not to be expected. She ballanced her many faults by two redeeming qualities; a strong and fervent affection for her children, and an unbounded benevolence so far as the giving of property was concerned. Seldom did any one reveal their sufferings to her, without receiving ample, often extravagant assistance. But she knew nothing of the true value of money, and her husband never reproached her.

Adrian Gastone was the exact opposite of his wife. Though possessing a quick, flashing spirit as revealed by his small, sparkling, restless dark eye, he was a man of untarnished honor, unyielding principles, untiring devotion to business, deeply and steadily interested in all political movements and public improvements, and above all an unvaryingly kind and affectionate husband and father.—The immense changes in his wife, which for a long time puzzled him, had produced some sorrow in his heart, but finding that they were a part of her organization, he philosophically concluded to trouble himself as little as possible about them. When she loved him, he was ready to receive her with open arms; when she hated him, he was still attentive to her wishes and kind even to affection. He little dreamed the depth of misery to which she was reducing him—but we will not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

The Wife and the Betrothed.

Upon one of the smaller lakes in the western part of New-York, reposed a village which sent up its tall spires to heaven, and cherished in its bosom the usual quantity of love and hatred, bustle and quiet, order and disorder, dignified intelligence, and scandalous gossip, prosperous wealth, and heart-consuming poverty. In a corner of this village, and beneath the spreading branches of an aged elm, stood a cottage which bore the traces of having been used for several generations. One part was in ruins, the other having been patched by pieces of board and shingles. Panes of glass were here and there wanting, whose places were supplied with cloth and paper.

Within the single room every thing bore the marks of the most untiring neatness and assiduous industry. The old uneven floor was without a stain the walls were covered with scraps of all kinds of paper neatly pasted on, the low bed in one corner was perfectly clean, and a beautiful velvet rose which bloomed in a broken pitcher, upon the decayed window-sill, betokened refinement and love of beauty, even in a poverty-stricken dwelling.

A woman who had not passed her thirtieth year but whose pale, thin face and attenuated form gave the impression of greater age, sat by the window catching the last rays of the departing sun to complete the garment she held in her hands. Her countenance was mild, amiable and benevolent, mingling with which, were courage, hope and firmness. Some great and crushing sorrow was evidently wearing away her life, though at present there was a slight smile of exultation and triumph playing about a mouth which had once been beautiful, as she held up and examined the completed dress.

This lady was Mrs. Lawrence, the deserted wife of the handsome man who as Dr. Ammi Boyd, was at present displaying his peculiar charms in the boarding establishment of Mrs. Ellerton, and was already the received lover of Mrs. Gastone.

Mrs. Lawrence was the only child of an excellent man who, in his forty-fifth year married a sweet young girl and was the following year a happy father though the same event had left him a bereaved and mourning husband. The young mother survived the birth of her babe only a few hours. The old gentleman never again ventured into matrimonial speculations, but gave his thoughts to such as in due time made him a very wealthy man. The gentle Mary grew beneath her father's fostering hand, a lovely flower which needed but the sunshine of affection in which to bloom. She must have been the pure good being that she was, or his idolatry would have spoiled her. If she had a fault, it was trusting too confidently in others; this however, was corrected by an after and bitter experience.

In her sixteenth year there came to reside in the village a young merchant of pleasing, affable manners whose whole appearance was so prepossessing that Mary's father frequently invited him to his house and at length perceived a dawning attachment between him and his daughter. He was not displeased, for he felt that his own life would soon draw to a close, and he wished not to leave her without a protector.

A few months saw Mary a blushing bride and Augustine Lawrence a well-satisfied husband, though he knew not the value of the precious gem he had won.

The father who could not be parted from his child, gave up to them his large house—the handsomest in the village—reserving some rooms for himself and became a member of their family. For a time all went on well. At the close of the first year Mary clasped to her bosom, where were kindled all the new delights of maternal love, a noble boy, upon whom his father looked with apparent pride.

At the period of their union, Mr. Lawrence had persuaded his father-in-law to become a silent partner in his business, thereby enabling him to extend it much beyond its present limits. The old gentleman with the utmost confidence in his son-in-law, consented, declaring that as they were his only heirs, it was of little consequence to him whether they undertook the management of his property then or a few months or years hence. He liberally invested all and a splendid business was the consequence.

At length Mary began to perceive a change in her husband; he was often abrupt; even imperious to her, and compelled her to wait for his return till long past midnight. The gentle girl who had ever breathed the atmosphere of pure love, was deeply wounded, but with a forgiving heart, never upbraiding him with her sorrow and above all never revealing it to her father. She bore all in silence.

During the third year of their marriage a little girl was born. This event seemed to recall the wandering affections of her husband and he became as attentive as in their days of courtship. The eye of the aged father too, dwelt with peculiar delight upon him, believing him to be the source of so much joy to his Mary.

It was in the spring of the year. The little girl was nearly six months. The early season as yet made the business of Mr. Lawrence so small that he sent his clerk home for a visit of two weeks, and declared his intention of shutting his shop till after his return from the city with fresh goods, whether he intended going in two or three days. Meanwhile he stated that he was occupied in taking the inventory of his goods and should be at home but very little for a few nights.

After collecting every debt which he possibly could, he stated to the old gentleman that he was still in want of five hundred dollars. A pretty cottage was immediately sold and he received the necessary funds.

Taking an affectionate leave of all, he departed, promising to return in a fortnight at most. Weeks, months passed away and he came not.

The creditors from New-York at length came on, and by the bills which they presented, it was evident that Lawrence had not expended the money received in purchasing goods; every thing was unpaid for. The debts were enormous, and the already exasperated creditors would hear of no delay. The store was forced open, and nothing remained in it but some of the cheapest and most clumsy articles. It was then evident that so far from intending to return, Lawrence had made his final departure, and taken everything valuable with him. The whole responsibility rested upon the old gentleman, who gave up everything.

In two weeks the broken hearted wife saw him quietly laid to rest where no sorrow could reach him, and she rejoiced that the good man was spared a sight of the misery which she knew must be hers.

Clasping her babes to her bosom, the desolate mother left the home of her childhood and removed to the old cottage we have described.

Long years of desertion and severe labor and deprivation, had not in the least changed her love for Augustine Lawrence, but through all she had been sustained by the solitary hope of once more seeing him. Since her children had required less personal attention, she had every year saved a few dollars, which, when they amounted to fifty, she resolved should serve as the means of taking her to New-York, where she fondly hoped to meet him.

On the night to which we have alluded, she was finishing a plain stuff dress for herself, and the consciousness that the money so long labored for, was now hers, and that everything was at last in readiness for her journey, caused a smile of triumph at the recollection of so many difficulties overcome. It was Saturday night and early Monday morning they were to start for the city.

Meanwhile the door opened and two children entered bearing between them a basket of sticks and brush procured from the neighboring woods. Scro, the elder, was a bold, handsome boy, with dark complexion, hair and eyes, whose haughty restless spirit nothing could restrain but his great love and veneration for his mother.

Hetty, the younger, was the pet of each. Small delicately formed, with mild blue eyes and flaxen curls, she seemed to have nothing in common with the sphere in which she lived, excepting a patient, uncomplaining spirit.

After giving her children their supper, she stated to them her plans for the future and then sent them to rest.

Taking from an old chest of drawers, a small and beautifully finished work-box—her husband's first gift—she drew from it a miniature, upon which she gazed long and fixedly, tears of bitter anguish rolling down her sickly face. With clasped hands and eyes upraised to heaven, she exclaimed,

"Permit me, O, my God! once more to behold his face, and surely, surely, he will yet return to the wife in whose bosom his image has ever been cherished; to the children, who, through long years of absence, have been taught to respect and honor him," then taking from the box some old notes written in an exceedingly fair hand, and a single curl of glossy black hair, she slowly read the former as if for the first time, and pressing each to her lips, replaced all and returned the box to its deposite. Little dreamed the excellent and forgiving woman of the black perfidy of him who had thus forgotten every sense of honor and reduced her to toil and suffering, and to whom her wealth afforded a means of display in the fashionable world and at the gaming table.

On Monday morn they took their final leave of the old cottage, which suddenly seemed to them a bright, happy spot, and pursued their journey to the city, where we will leave them and return for a time to our friends in Boston.

Upon the same Saturday evening in which Mrs. Lawrence wept over the miniature of her husband and made preparations for her departure to the city Mrs. Gastone sat in her children's nursery, though at a somewhat later hour, and listened to Catherine's story.

"Were you ever married?" she asked, in a sympathizing voice.

Catherine blushed a deep crimson, but replied honestly. "I was not, and yet I expected to be. If you have patience to listen to me, I will tell you all, and probably you will not blame me so

much. My parents were honest and industrious. I am the youngest of a large family, whom they educated with much care, and it has nearly broken my heart that I should so have sinned against their instructions. I was called pretty when young, and attracted the notice of a young gentleman who came into our village as head clerk. He soon won my heart and with the consent of my parents we were engaged to be married. My father had given me three hundred dollars with which to furnish a house and I had trusted it to him. The wedding day was appointed—friends invited, but he came not, and from that day I have never seen him, though I have never ceased to mourn for him."

"Your parents," asked Mrs. G. kindly, "how did they bear all this?"

"Oh! ma'am," replied she, almost convulsively, "I cannot bear to think how my mother sank at once, and before my little girl saw the light, we laid her in the grave; my father never smiled again, and in a few years rested his weary head beside her. I had broken their hearts," and the tender-hearted woman wept at these sorrowful remembrances.

"And the child," continued the lady, when Catherine became composed.

"She is now thirteen years of age. Seven years since, at the death of my father, I was so lonely in our deserted house that I left her with an elder married sister, and came to the city to procure work. Every time I see her she is more beautiful; indeed it does not seem at all as if she belonged to me. If he could but look upon his child, with her regular features, her clear, dark complexion and glossy black ringlets, he must certainly acknowledge and love the image of himself; the hair, in particular, is so like his own," and she drew from her bosom a gold locket in which was enclosed a single jet curl, adding "he gave me this." A very slight tinge was perceptible upon Mrs. Gastone's pale cheeks as Catherine uttered these last words and placed before her the lover's keepsake, but whatever emotions were agitating her, she carefully concealed, and after a few more remarks, passed with apparent tranquility to her own room. Upon reaching it she sat for a long time quite still, and buried in deep and bitter thoughts.

A dark suspicion crossed her mind, and though she succeeded in banishing it in some measure as an impossibility, it was nevertheless true. The lover of Catherine and Dr. Boyd were one and the same individual, though bearing different appellations. To drop one name and manufacture another had always been a favorite habit with him.

We will, during the same Saturday evening, visit the office of Dr. Boyd. He has closed his shutters, locked his door, replenished the fire, substituted for a frock-coat, a thick dressing gown, and now lounges in his easy chair, drawn from behind the green curtain. "Thank Heaven I am free once more," he exclaimed with some energy, as he drew off a pair of boots and encased his feet in velvet slippers. Then sinking deeper into the cushions of the chair he continued in a muttering tone as if glad to release his tongue from its self-imposing silence. "I will for my own edification, just take a retrospective view of my past life—rather an interesting affair by the way—and form my plans for the future. A boyhood steeped in poverty disgusted my fine sensibilities, and I swore to remove the curse, whether honestly or dishonestly."

estly mattered little to my purpose. A fine figure, a handsome face set off by brilliant teeth, black, silky curls, a profusion of whiskers of the same hue and texture, and a piercing eye, which I have brought perfectly under my control, came to my aid. There was no room for despair. At twenty, while for want of more genteel employment, I stood behind the counter of an infernal country village, a silly girl fell desperately in love with me, and seeing a good chance for some money, of which I was sadly in want, I consented to every thing. I came very near settling myself, but the bait was too small. Pshaw! with what a paltry sum did I clear from the village. The pretty girl is by this time an old maid, and no doubt well satisfied as to my intentions.

And the pretty Mary whom I could get in no way but a legal one, and whose fine property has saved me many grasping from the long, sharp, bony fingers of the Police! I think she loved me, and I was often tempted to leave playing the villain and become a good man for her sake. But in truth I am by nature an infernal rascal, and if my brain ceased to concoct some villainous deed, I should sicken and die—each one to his vocation! If I possess such superlative attractions that every lady's heart is at my command, it is no fault of mine. I only use the powers given me, and I should be much to blame if I did not reap some solid advantages from the fair creatures who so continually molest my path.

I do not steal from them—no, I despise that—I only take what they freely give. The magnificent Bella is mine already and her husband keeps an open purse. It will not be my fault or hers if my fingers are not in it some fine day, and then the lady will be lost, but what do I care. The little Malcen too, whom to please Bella I am very quietly captivating, has at least one charm. I hear she has just received a birth-day present of a thousand dollars from her rich father. Hang me, if I don't cut a slice from that dish, but in all secrecy it must be done. If Bella knows it, my reputation for wealth will be destroyed. If she were away I would marry the child at once—but it is useless, she would spoil all. A lucky fellow I am truly! Other men dig through the world by the sweat of their brow—I walk through quite easily by the help of their purses, for which all thanks be rendered to my fair person and the susceptible hearts of their wives and daughters. But I forget—"and he drew from his pocket, where it had been sadly crushed, a delicate note in a female hand. After perusing it, he threw it into the fire and penned the following.

"How fresh and beautiful is a first love! Oh, thou divine idol of my everlasting worship! What protestations of love, high as the heavens and lasting as eternity are worthy of thee, thou most lovely of all angels! Words fail me—adieu—adieu."

"This will serve me for the present; such confounded nonsense always takes with the women," and with a yawn, such as his Satanic Majesty might very properly appropriate when weary of setting the world by the ears, he decamped to his sleeping room.

(To be Continued.)

UMBRELLA.—An article which, by the morality of society, you may steal from friend or foe, and which, for the same reason, you should not lend to either.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

BYRON.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Away, away ye bitter memories!
Why do you haunt me here?"

BYRON often declared that he wished for insanity "anything to still memory, that never dying worm which feeds upon the heart." Why was it so? Why did one whose soul was exquisitely alive to the beauties of Nature—whose mighty mind could grasp with ease the intricacies of Science—one whose fortune was easy—whose birth was noble, and whose society was such that it drew like a Magician's talisman the refined and gifted around him, so loath the records of the past! Had there been no gladness—no sunshine in his path! Why did the vanished years rise up like spectres pale to haunt him in his hours of solitude, and cling like so many hydra-headed monsters about his soul? But one answer can be given—he had served the Prince of Darkness rather than his God.

The Past! it was one desert of enjoyment, although he had sought unceasingly for Happiness over the wine-cup, and in the haunts of dissipation and vice. He had left no path save the right one untried, yet after all he longed for insanity—INSANITY that fearful quenching of the fires of our being—that vacuum which bears no trace of the past or the future, to operate as an opiate on his memory. Oh fearful state! Oh, dreadful alternative!

My young friend, whose eye rests upon this page, pause and ponder over this truth, and if you value your happiness I beseech you, heed this voice of warning, wrung by the upbraidings of a guilty conscience from one of Earth's most gifted sons. Are you just entering maturity? Is the future spread out before you, full of winding paths, some leading to happiness and some to woe? Be wise now. Choose the rugged way of integrity and virtue, and death or old age shall find you full of serenity and peace. Choose differently, and you shall wish as did Byron "for insanity—anything to still memory that never dying worm which feeds upon the heart."

Unpleasant memories will come more or less to all, they cannot be entirely avoided, they may not be the effect of our own sins—they may result from impurity and wickedness in those with whom we are intimately connected, and over whom we cannot exercise a restraining control. But such reflections, bitter though they may be, are not like those willful transgressions which stare one in the face, when darkness is over the earth like a mystic curtain, and the sin-sick soul seeks for rest, while Conscience and Memory are speaking out in thunder tones their lessons of reproof.

Byron called loudly for insanity, but it would not come, and he turned to the intoxicating cup, thinking perhaps that a temporary madness, would afford him slight relief. Alas! mistaken soul!—he only probed the wounds he thought to heal. As he came from his revels, and staggered to his couch, unconsciousness only could afford relief—the man of giant intellect—the master genius of his age, shrunk from communion with his own far grasping mind, because "his soul was dead in trespasses and sins." He chose to be like the brute which perishes while groveling in the mire,

or like the mad lunatic who wrecks not of the past or the future.

"In misery lived, in misery died,
Because he wanted holiness of heart,
—Not in mental but in moral
Worth God excellence placed."

September, 1846.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

LONDON.

No. 4.

The British Museum—foundation—History—improvements—the Library—Ethnographical rooms—curiosities from China, Peru, Otaheite, New Zealand, &c.—Mammalia Saloon contents, &c.—remarks.

THE foundation of the British Museum, originated with the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who, during a long period of practice as a physician, had accumulated in addition to a considerable Library of Books and Manuscripts, the largest collection of objects of Natural History and works of Art, of his time.

These he directed should be offered after his death, which took place in 1753 to Parliament. The offer was accepted and the Act of 26, Geo. II. which directed that purchase, also directed the purchase of the Harleian Library of Manuscripts; and enacted that the Cottonian Library, which had been given to the government for public use, in the reign of William III. should with these, form one General Collection.

In the spring of 1754, the mansion in Great Russel Street, then known as the Montague House, was bought as a repository for the whole. Between 1755 and 1759 the different collections were removed into it, and it was determined the new Institution should bear the name of the British Museum.

Till the arrival of the Egyptian Antiquities, from Alexandria in 1801, Montague House was competent to the reception of all its acquisitions. The Egyptian Monuments, most of them of too massive a character for the floors of a private dwelling, first suggested the necessity of an additional building, rendered still more indispensable by the purchase of the Townley Marbles in 1805.

A gallery adequate to the reception of both was completed in 1807; after which, although the Trustees had meditated and had plans drawn for new buildings, none were undertaken until 1823, when upon the donation from George IV. of the Library collected by George III. the Government ordered drawings to be prepared for the erection of an entire new Museum, a portion of one wing of which was to be occupied by the recently acquired Library. This wing on the eastern side of the then Museum Garden was finished in 1828; and the northern and a part of the western compartment of a projected square, have been since completed. The new southern front of the Museum, is at present in progress. The last remains of the original building was removed in 1845.

Most persons visit museums and repositories of curiosities, because of the rareness of the articles there exhibited, and the consequent feeling of novelty produced on the mind; but in the British Museum the feeling of novelty disappears and the mind becomes fatigued by the profusion of the articles there displayed; nearly 40 rooms and saloons being required to store away this immense collection; the curiosities in one of which rooms, would occupy a person several days, to fully examine; besides, there is the Library, the printed books in which

amount to about 260 000 volumes, and the MSS. to over 20 000 volumes.

The Ethnographical Room, contains articles of dress, cooking utensils, weapons of war, idols, musical instruments, &c. from savage and half civilized nations, in all parts of the world. The most conspicuous article in the room, is a large bell from China, the upper part is ornamented with an imperial dragon, the national emblem of China, crouching, and forming the handle. The upper part is also ornamented with figures of Buddh, cast in salient relief and covered with an inscription of large characters, also in relief; relative to the Buddhist religion. There are some smaller inscriptions in a sanscrit character, entitled the Prayer of Fuh, (Buddh) with a list of believing doctors and faithful ladies.

There are also arms from Northern India;—baskets from Abyssinia—fetishes, hats and specimens of native cloth from Africa—with sledges, dresses and culinary utensils of the Esquimaux.

Among the curiosities from Peru, is cloth which enveloped the dead bodies of the ancient Peruvians.—Silver ornaments found on the bodies in the sepulchres of Peru—Mummy of a child from Arica in Peru, and three mortars, silver images, and some vessels from the tombs of the aboriginal Peruvians in the island of Titicaca.

From Otaheite, are winter and summer cloths, made of the paper mulberry, (*Broussonetia*), and variously dyed—basket work and cordage—rasps made of shagreen—wooden pillows, tatooing instruments, nose flutes, large cloaks, aprons, helmets, hats, &c. made of feathers.

From New Zealand, there are articles of ornament, warlike instruments, conchs used in war, clubs, saws made of shark's teeth used in dissecting the bodies of slain enemies and two human hands, being parts of the body of a slain enemy.

Over the cases are numerous articles too large to put inside, among which is a loom, Chinese war shield, of the Tigers of War, or Imperial troops, Chinese umbrella and fan from India, bronze figures of Hindoo divinities, drums of native tribes from North America, sledge of the Esquimaux and canoe with its paddles from Bhering's Straits, large wooden drum made of the trunk of a tree, and a large canoe from the South seas.

In the wall cases of the Mammalia Saloon are arranged the specimens of Rapacious and Hoofed beasts as the various kinds of the Cat tribe, Hyenas, Wolves, Foxes, Gluttons, Otters, Bears, Kangaroos, Opossums, Horned cattle, the various genera and species of Antelopes, Goats, Sheep, Lamas, Deer, Musks, and Anteaters. On the floor on the west side of the room, are placed the specimens which are too large for the cases, among which are the brindled Gnu, the Wild Ox from Chillingham park, a large Giraffe from the cape, the skeleton of an Elephant from India, a Seal from the British coast, an American Deer, a young Hippopotamus, and Ethiopian Hogs from South Africa and Abyssinia. The animals are generally in a pretty good state of preservation. Although many prefer seeing objects of Natural History in a state of Nature or in live collections; still the collection of Mammalia, in the British Museum, possesses advantages which better suit the young Naturalist; most of the animals being classified and in the table cases is arranged a series of the skulls of the smaller Mammalia, to explain the characters of the order and families. J. C.

London, Eng. June, 1846.

FREDERIKA BREMER.



BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY IDA, COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

I visited Miss Frederika Bremer at Arista, which is her estate. It is three Swedish miles from Stockholm; she lives there, with her mother and younger sister, during the greater part of the year. The two last mentioned ladies passed last winter in Nizza. She remained at home; she does not like the trouble and disturbance of travelling. She remained seven months—seven Swedish winter months—all alone at Arista, without seeing any one but the maid servant who attended her. I would not believe that any one would endure such seclusion, if she had not told it me herself. I had formed my own idea of her from her books. I imagined her serious and quiet, with a little touch of humor; and so indeed she is, and perfectly agreeable. How glad I was! I know not why there should be such a prejudice against authoresses, that the idea of something ridiculous and odd is immediately connected with them. Arista has its little historical recollections. In the great meadow, Gustavus Adolphus assembled and mustered the army with which he first went as king to Livonia, and he dwelt, with his wife and daughter, in the wooden house, which still stands near the present dwelling house. The latter is of stone, square and handsome, with large lofty rooms; it was built during the thirty years' war. The surrounding country is not cheerful—at least it did not appear so to me; perhaps because it was a dull, cloudy day. The trees looked dingy, the lawn grey;

and the sea was faintly seen in the distance. A walk was proposed, but I, who am generally so fond of the fresh air, preferred not going out. I begged Miss Frederika to show me her room. It is as simple as a cell. To me it would be in the highest degree uncomfortable, for it is a corner room, with a window on two sides, so that there is a thorough light and no curtains. Three square tables stand in it, entirely covered with books, papers and writing apparatus, and the rest of the furniture in a style which seems simply to invite one to sit down upon sofa and chair, but not to lie down, or lean, or lounge upon them, as I would willingly have done. It is the same with me on a journey as at home. I take a fancy to some particular table or chair, and the want of elegance or convenience is displeasing to me. Wherever I am traveling or or living, I must have every thing comfortable and soft and warm about me, not so much hard wood or so many sharp corners. On the walls of this room there are a few pictures. "That is a genuine Teniers; but I know you will not like it," said Miss Bremer, smiling, and pointing to a picture which represents a peasant filling his tobacco pipe. I said frankly that I did not. I very often said "no," when she said "yes" but that did not signify. Miss Bremer had just received Eckermann's book on Goethe, and was much pleased with it. I remember that when I read it, four years ago, Goethe pleased me extremely; he seemed such a truly good-hearted old gentleman, now and then disappearing behind the great author; but Eckermann was most annoying to me—he was more like Goethe's poodle than a human being. Goethe says "wait!" and he waits. Goethe says "fetch it here," and he brings. This is too much for me.

I think that with the most beloved and honored persons we may still preserve a will and opinion of our own—that we need not sacrifice our individuality. But, indeed, I never could be any man's poodle; neither do I wish to have one or to see one. Miss Bremer thinks that Eckermann has done his part by giving us as true, clear and distinct a portrait of Goethe as was possible, and that what he himself is does not concern us. She is right there. She never means to travel, because she thinks one must be overpowered, dazzled and confused: and what is one to do with such a variety of objects? Why, we become familiar with them—that is the charm! We look so long so deeply, so intently, on mountains, seas, rocks, statues, men and countries, that they cannot resist our inquiring eyes, which are not curious but sympathizing, and they relate to us their histories. I wished to persuade her to take a journey to Italy; we would have traveled together; but she would not consent. Yet she was warmly interested in what I had related and written of foreign countries; though it seemed more on my account than the countries; which of course pleased me. She succeeded in conquering the difficulty of speaking in a language in which she is not accustomed to think, and said what she wished to say, quite simply, naturally and clearly, sometimes in French, sometimes in German. She has beautiful thoughtful eyes, and a clear, broad, I might almost say, a solid forehead, with distinct finely marked eyebrows, which move when she speaks, especially when a sudden thought bursts into speech: this is very becoming to her. She has a small and light figure, and was dressed in black silk. In her ante-chamber there were two large book cases filled with books in Swedish, German, French and English; I think there were Italian also. Miss Bremer draws portraits extremely well in miniature, with water colors, and has a very interesting album of such heads, all executed by herself, to which she has added mine.

MISCELLANY.

AMBITION.

A MENTAL dropsy, which keeps continually swelling and increasing, until it kills its victim. Ambition is often overtaken by calamity, because it is not aware of its pursuer and never looks behind. "Deeming naught done while aught remains to do," it is necessarily restless; unable to bear anything above it, discontent must be its inevitable portion, for even if the pinnacle of worldly power be gained its occupant will sigh, like Alexander, for another globe to conquer. Every day that brings us some new advancement or success, brings us also a day nearer to death, embittering the reflection, that the more we have gained, the more we have to relinquish. Aspiring to nothing but humility, the wise man will make it the height of his ambition to be unambitious. As he cannot effect all that he wishes, he will only wish for that which he can effect.

AN INDEPENDENT BEGGAR.

THE Journal du Loiret," shows in the following fact, what genius in beggary can do. It is translated as an instance of pecuniary accumulation of a rare order. In the parish of St. Croix there is an old woman who up to the present time almost, has lived a beggar. She was regularly assisted by the charitable department, and many families sent her a weekly allowance of money. In one of these

families she formed acquaintance with a woman who had kept a grocery for many years, and becoming intimate with her, the old woman imparted the secret of certain sums of money she had concealed, and finally offered them to the grocer on condition of being kept and provided for the remainder of her life. The offer was accepted, and the number of pieces of money found, sous and farthings, was incredible. In short she had amassed the nice little sum of 27,000 francs. She continued her trade even on the day she made her liberal bargain. Her mother had pursued the same calling, and had left her a life annuity of 700 francs. Now that her situation is known, she can no longer pursue her trade, and fears she shall suffer from ennui. She considers herself as a trader retired from business!

APOLOGY.—As great a peacemaker as the word "if." In all cases, it is an excuse rather than an exculpation, and if adroitly managed, may be made to confirm what it seems to recall, and to aggravate the offence which it pretends to extenuate. A man who had accused his neighbor of falsehood, was called on for an apology which he gave in the following amphibological terms;—"I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.—It is a fact not perhaps generally known, that Washington drew his last breath in the last hour, in the last day, of the last week, in the last month of the year, and in the last year of the century. He died Saturday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.

FACT.—When a feller is too lazy to work, (says Sam Slick) he paints his name over the door, and calls into a tavern and like as not he makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.

TO OUR PATRONS.

WE have again commenced the labors of another year, and after the lapse of the few weeks that has been given us, since the end of the last volume, we feel invigorated and greatly refreshed for the performance of those arduous duties that devolve upon us in serving the public. The "Rural" has been before the reading community, for more than a score of years, and during that time prosperity has ever been attendant upon it. In our endeavors, we believe we have succeeded to please many, if not all, and as one of the most gifted lady writers of our country remarked, "the Repository seems only born to endure." We hope that those who have been with us since the commencement of our paper, those whose old familiar names have graced our subscription list since we first cast the "Rural" almost friendless and unsupported, to buffet and combat with the world—whose names we know by heart, and whose hands we would like to give the shake of "Good old acquaintance never to be forgotten," should they come in our "Sanctum," will still remain with us, and encourage us with their presence, and their patronage.

The "Mute Doctor," which we have given much attention to, in studying its principal characters and which will be continued through a few numbers of our paper, is one of the most interesting and thrilling tales of the age; as a true picture of real and every day life it cannot be excelled.

It has been remarked and very justly, that "there are few better things in life, after a well spent day, than a book and a comfortable fireside;" and it appears to us that the compliment may be safely extended to periodicals. To those who have not much time to spare in reading, they afford many advantages over ordinary books. In periodicals the reader is introduced in a single number to many of the principal writers in the languages, in the various departments of history, biography, essays, tales of fiction, poetry, &c.; forming a com-

pound suited alike to the sober feelings of the aged, the warm expectation of the young, and the gratification of the general reader; in which the most fastidious will find a banquet adapted to their taste.

We embrace this opportunity of offering our thanks to those editors who have by their favorable notices of the Repository, in their respective Journals, aided in its circulation.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

To our numerous contributors who have added much to the popularity of the "Repository" by their talented communications, we return our grateful acknowledgements; as we have watched their progress to distinction, and witnessed the merit that has been justly awarded them, it has afforded us great pleasure to know that it was through the columns of our "little paper," that they first appeared, before a censorious public. Mrs. Gardiner, and Miss Barber, who both contribute to this number, rank among the first lady writers of our country. We have received many beautiful productions, from other esteemed correspondents, which will be attended to in our next.

The series of letters from Europe, by a young gentleman of this city, one of which is published in this number, will be continued.

NOTICE.

Those who receive this number, will please endeavor to raise a Club in their vicinity, according to the terms on last page, as no more will be sent, unless ordered.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

N. C. F. New Orleans, La. \$2.00; F. F. F. New Orleans, La. \$1.00; J. T. H. Athens, N. Y. \$3.50; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$25.00; R. B. F. Ausable Forks, N. Y. \$10.00; J. F. New Berlin, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. North Brookfield, N. Y. \$5.00; H. G. B. Cossackie, N. Y. \$5.00; J. S. W. Whitinsville, Mass. \$3.00; N. D. Jamesville, W. T. \$1.00; C. B. Port Jervis, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. V. D. P. Stuyvesant, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss C. C. East Lexington, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. J. A. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$1.00; E. E. Jr. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; J. R. M. Clintonville, N. Y. \$5.00; A. D. S. East Bennington, Vt. \$5.00; Miss E. K. Constableville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. P. Cherry Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; P. R. Cossackie, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. C. Westville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. R. R. Barre Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. F. Little Falls, N. Y. \$19.00; H. S. Sheffield, Mass. \$1.00; W. O. J. Mellenville, N. Y. \$3.12.

MARRIAGES.

In Albany, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Green, of Clifton Park, John W. Jenkins, Jr. to Miss Mary A. Kluck, all of that city.

In Germantown, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Alva Simmons, to Miss Christina Lasher, of Germantown.

In Germantown, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. William H. Moore, to Miss Catharine Christina Minckler, both of Red Hook.

On the 1st inst. at the residence of her father, L. P. Holley, in South Dover, Dutchess Co. by the Rev. Mr. Howard, Alfred Fonda of New-York city, to Miss Mary Annable Holley.

At Livingston, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Henry Lawrence, to Mary Lasher.

At Claverack, on the 24th by the Rev. Ira C. Boice, Mr. William C. Fitcher of Chatham, to Miss Sarah Cole of Mellenville.

In New-York, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Joseph S. York, Counsellor at law, to Mary Ann, daughter of the Hon. John W. Edmonds.

At Pine Plains, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Wm. N. Sayre, Mr. James K. Smith, to Miss Charity McArthur, both of Ancram, Columbia Co.

In Hopkinton, R. I. on the 11th ult. by the Rev. C. C. Lewis, Mr. George H. Olney, of Richmond, R. I. to Miss Emeline A. Bicknell, of the former place.

In Richmond, R. I. by the Rev. C. C. Lewis, Mr. Elias T. Burdick, to Miss Louisa A. Bicknell, both of Hopkinton, R. I.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 4th ult. Rhody Maxwell, in her 62d year. On the 16th inst. Edwin C. son of Edwin C. and Sarah A. Terry, aged 2 years, 2 mos. and 21 days.

On the 25th ult. Ann Eliza Webster, in her 36th year.

At Troy, on the 7th inst. Henry Nazro, youngest child of Joseph U. and Mary Elizabeth Orvis, aged 1 year and 8 mos.

At Athens, Georgia, on the 7th inst. Elizabeth A. Hatheway, (daughter of the late Simon S. Hatheway, of this city,) in the 20th year of her age.

Drowned at New-Haven, on the 3d ult. James W. son of James Platt, aged 6 years and 4 months.

In Barrington, Mass. at the residence of his father, Ansy Ray, on the 27th ult. after an illness of only four days, Isaac A. Ray, formerly a resident in this city, aged 36 years.

At Prophetstown, Illinois, on the 5th ult. the Rev. Reuben Sears, aged 68 years, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this city.

In Jackson county Mich. on the 18th ult. Jethro Bunker, formerly a resident of Chatham in this county, aged 70 years.

In Valatie, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Jane Winans, wife of Henry Winans.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BELLE'S INQUIRY.—A SONNET.

BY CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

My Mother's last wise lecture ran,
 "My daughter dear, shun a handsome man;
 He'll vow, but his vows are light as air,
 He only for self will truly care."
 Now I met in the ball-room one last night,
 Who shone like a gem in the soft lamp light;
 His mustache was fine, and his hair was dark,
 His eye would shame the diamond's spark;
 He sung, and his voice was so sweet and clear,
 I tossed back my curls, and paused to hear—
 He pressed my hand in the parting hour,
 And sighed that the ball should "lose its flower."
 O, mamma! I'd give my life to know
 If a handsome man, makes a faithless beau.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

"My daughter dear, you have done quite right,
 To tell me the tale of yester night,
 I'm glad too you listened darling, when
 I told you to shun all the handsome men—
 They are faithless all—they are full of guile,
 They will saunter and talk—they flatter and smile
 And strive to turn each fair one's head
 But we will betide the girl they wed.
 The ball room dear, you will find a place
 Where the head is valued on account of the face;
 It may brainless be—if the hair is fine
 The girls all pronounce it 'half divine';
 But we to the chap with an ugly nose,
 And coarse red hair, though he actually knows
 All the schools can teach, and has traveled o'er
 The seas and the realms of classic lore.
 The brainless beau with a handsome face
 You will ever find in the foremost place,
 And this I remembered, daughter, when
 I bid you shun all the handsome men."

Columbus, Ga. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

ON VIEWING A MINIATURE.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

How sweet upon the face to gaze,
 Drawn by the Artist's hand;
 Each dear beloved feature trace,
 Tho' in the Spirit Land.
 To view the eyes that beamed so bright
 The lip that moved with love;
 The smile, the sweet expression bright,
 That radiates above.
 The cheek, the hue, the wavy hair,
 The hand, the treasured ring,
 The mouth compressed, the forehead fair,
 The spirit slumbering.
 How sweet when memory lifts the veil,
 The veil of other years,
 And whispers thro' the deepening gale,
 When winter's blast appears.
 Of times gone by, of loved ones dead,
 Borne on the gusty wind;
 Around the hearth, with noiseless tread,
 And throned upon the mind.
 How sweet to converse with their forms,
 And clasp their hands once more;
 To tell them of the pitiless storms,
 That sweep earth's arid shore.
 To dwell upon the dreamy past,
 'Till all the senses wake;
 And memory round her blessings cast,
 Like shadows on the lake.
 The blessed thoughts of other years,
 As o'er the mind they roll,
 Draw from life's fount the gushing tears,
 And light the darkened soul.

Sag Harbor, L. I. N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY MOTHER.

I think of thee, dear Mother,
 When night her sable mantle lifts,
 And morn with rosy smiles appears—
 When Nature wakes again to life,
 Enshrouded with the dewy tears
 That nightly fall o'er all the land,
 Poured from an Omnipresent hand.
 Dear Mother, then, I think of thee.

I think of thee dear Mother,
 At noontide's busy bustling hour,
 When all the world seems waked to life—
 When deep commotion bears its sway;
 Yet from these noon-tide scenes of strife,
 I turn with fondness to thy name,
 Invoke a blessing on the same,
 Then, Mother, then, I think of thee.

I think of thee dear, Mother,
 When evening's sitting sun declines
 Adown behind the Western hills;
 Then when I muse on days long past,
 My breast with sweet emotions fills,
 And when his last pale ray is given,
 I think of thee and thine in Heaven.
 'Tis then I love to think of thee.

Great Barrington, Mass. 1846.

CLIFTON.

For the Rural Repository

RURAL REPOSITORY, TWENTY-THIRD YEAR.

WELCOME old friend! thou lingerest in youth and beauty yet,
 Although long years have passed away since we together met;
 Though age cast changes on us all as on through life we stray,
 Thou livest still in youth and bloom—time brings thee no decay;

Thy cheering voice is still as glad—when friends are waxing cold—

And thy life seemeth to grow young, as every year grows old;
 Full joyous is thy summer life—marred by no slow decay,
 And kindly voices echo round in many a merry lay;
 Clothing thy form in flowery robes and many a sparkling gem,
 Lies gleaming on thy fadeless form, that the tide of time shall stem.

Thou hast beguiled me of the gloom of many a weary hour—
 While genius in thy every look throws out its magic power;
 And many a graceful pen is thine—that casts its witching spell
 Upon these spotless pages—where the eye long loves to dwell
 Strowing soft strains in thrilling tones that musically ring—
 Fraught with the richest treasures of the utopian spring;
 And Virtue's truest counsels in purity reign here,
 Untrammelled in their influence, unsullied by a tear;
 And may thy life be ever thus for many a year to come—
 And Fortune still smile kindly on—nor shroud thy way in gloom.

September, 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY COUSINS IN THE WEST.

FRIENDS of my early youth—
 Of childhood's happy day;
 In innocence and mirth,
 We've roamed in careless play—
 And cared for naught beside,
 Save Pleasure's sparkling cup,
 And while sporting by your sides,
 I've sipped its contents up.

But a more lasting spell,
 Before me now is wrought!
 And now my hours of joy,
 With sober ones are fraught;
 Though you are far away,
 And the deep between us rolls,
 Yet as in childhood's day,
 May Friendship link our souls.

When in your western home—
 In your bright sunny hours,
 You o'er the Prairies roam—
 To gather fragrant flowers,
 Please twine a wreath for me,
 You gay and joyous girls;
 Then let it sportive be
 In your fair, clustering curls.

And I will twine for thee,
 Far in my eastern glade,
 A brighter wreath than flowers,
 One that will never fade;
 'Tis Affection's kindred chain,
 I'll twine around my heart,
 And should we never meet again
 This ne'er will from me part.

Friends of my early youth,
 Accept this wreath from me;
 And in return I crave
 The same bright gift from thee;
 For oh! 'tis sweet to think,
 Though time fast glides away,
 That we're remembered still
 By loved ones, far away,

B. M. B.

Java Village, N. Y. 1846.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

RURAL REPOSITORY

Vol. 23, Commencing Sept. 19, 1846.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.
 Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1846.

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